

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST COMICS!!!

NO.  
43

TOP-NOTCH

FEB.

10¢

# Laugh

comics

HAIN'T  
NOBODY GONNA  
BE ROBBED  
WHILE AH'M  
DEPOOTY  
SHURRIFF!!

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE

COUNTY  
FAIR

BEWARE OF  
PICKPOCKETS





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



*Send no money  
for this gorgeous  
flashing replica  
diamond ring!*



**Send no money—Fill in coupon  
CLIP AND MAIL NOW!**

Here's how easy it is to get your replica diamond solitaire. Just print your name and address, ring size and state whether you prefer white gold color effect, yellow gold color effect or Sterling silver. Then mail coupon to us. We will send you your replica diamond solitaire ring together with matching wedding band, at no EXTRA COST.

When package arrives, pay postman \$1.49 plus 20c postage charges (\$1.69 total). Wear both rings for 10 days. If you aren't delighted—if your friends don't tell you it's the biggest bargain ever, return rings to us and get your money back—every penny.

For Ring Size—Cut out the strip below, wrap tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that meets end of chart strip is your ring size.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

**LADIES!** Have you ever longed to have a real diamond ring? Of course you have. But today, due to the war, diamond prices are soaring higher and higher. They are beyond the reach of most people.

Yet you can still satisfy your natural desire for beautiful jewelry at a price you can easily afford. Read our great offer! Then act at once. As long as our supply lasts, we will send you on 10 day approval one of our gorgeously brilliant replica diamond solitaire rings, fashioned in the latest Sweetheart Design.

These rings are really beautiful. So full of flash and sparkle and dazzling brilliant colors. So much like real diamonds costing hundreds of dollars that they can hardly be told apart.

How your friends will admire and envy your replica diamond solitaire in its yellow or white gold color effect setting, with 2 replica diamonds on each side. But you must act fast. Because of war conditions, replica jewelry, too, is becoming scarcer and prices are bound to go up.

**PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY!**  
**IF YOU ACT QUICKLY, A MAGNIFICENT MATCHING WEDDING BAND**

Of course you will want a matching wedding band to go with your replica diamond solitaire. You can get yours absolutely without extra cost—just mail coupon below. The wedding band, handsomely embossed in the latest Sweetheart Design, makes a splendid companion piece to the replica diamond solitaire ring. But you must act quickly, for this amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time.

Canadian & Foreign Customers must send \$1.50 cash or Money order with order.

**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)**  
30 Church St. X670, New York 7, N. Y.



**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings), Dept. X670,  
30 Church St., New York City 7, N. Y.**

Send me for 10 days trial replica diamond ring in the size and setting I have checked below. You are also to include without extra cost the matching wedding band. When package arrives, I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus 20c postage charges (\$1.69 total). If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the rings you are to refund my money at once.

Size ☐ Yellow Gold Color ☐ White Gold Effect ☐ Sterling Silver ☐

NAME   
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

NOTE: If you enclose \$1.50 with your order (Cash or Money order) we will pay postage. Of course, you still have the privilege of our 10 day trial and money-back guarantee. You save 10c.



# BOOKKEY

by Don Dean ★

YESSUH, THIS HYAR BEIN' SHURIFF OF CATFISH CREEK IS A MIGHTY NERVE WRACKIN' JOB!  
(YAWN!)

EF ET WEREN'T FO THE FACT THAT AH HAS SUCH A **SWEET** LOVIN' HOME LIFE, AH MOS' PROBABLY WOULD BE INSANE AND UN-INTELLY. JUNT BY NOW!

(SIGH) MAH MAMMY AN' PAPPY **LOVES** EACH OTHAH SO MUCH.. ALMOS' AS MUCH AS AH **LOVES** YO' HECTOR!

YESSUH, THE **AMERICAN HOME** IS THE BACK-BONE OF THIS COUNTRY AN' EVAHBODY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST **ONE**!







THASS RIGHT, SON, OUTSIDE  
OF HAVIN' YO'.. OUR MARRIED  
LIFE WAS PLUMB BLISSFUL..  
THAT IS UNTIL "DUDE"  
SNAGNASTY COME BACK  
TO OUR HILLS! (SOB!)



"DUDE"  
SNAGNASTY??

YEAH / HE  
WERE THE OTHAH  
FELLAH AT THE  
TIME AH WAS  
COURTIN' YO'  
MAMMY!!



AN' NOW, APTAH TWENTY  
Y'ARS HE HAS COME BACK  
TO TAKE UP WHAR HE  
LEFT OFF! NOW WIFE HIS  
SLICK CLOTHES AN' CITY  
WAYS HE AIMS TO WIN YO'  
MAMMY AWAY FROM ME!



NOW, PAPPY, HUSH YO'  
FRETTIN'! MAMMY IS  
PROBABLY ONLY  
INFLATED WIFE HIM!  
YO' WAIT RIGHT HYAR  
AN' LET ME LOOK  
INTO THIS!

OOH THE  
PANGS OF  
LOVE!!



WALL, CUSS ME!  
THET'S "DUDE"  
ALL RIGHT, AN'  
THE HOME  
WRECKIN'  
SKONK IS  
BERENADIN'  
MY PO' OL'  
MAMMY!

♪ OHNN THE  
MOON SHINES BRIGHT  
ON PURTY RED  
♪ WING!!! ♪



AH OUGHTA GO RIGHT  
UP AN' WALLOP HIM GOOD..  
STILL WHUT EF HE SOCKS  
BACKF MAYBE AH BETTAH  
USE SI. COLLY. GEE!

















# Señor SIESTA

Wm. Vignola

IT SEEMS THAT SOME-  
ONE IS ALWAYS TRY-  
ING TO GET SENOR  
SIESTA OFF THIS  
EARTH... WE MEET OUR  
ER. HERD, RUNNING  
AS USUAL FROM HIS  
ENEMIES... SO THAT  
HE MAY REMAIN  
A LITTLE LONGER  
HERE... CURTAIN!



"PUFF" "PUFF"  
HA! I GET AWAY!  
THEES LEEETLE  
DEVILS!

JUST FOR CURIOSITY'S SAKE... LET'S HAVE A  
LOOK AT "THEES LEEETLE DEVILS"!

TOO BAD...  
HE GET  
AWAY!

NEXT TIME  
WE SEE HEEM.  
GRRAGHH!



I AM HUNGRY..  
I WEEEL BEG FOR  
A MEAL IN THEES  
TOWN..

I HOPE SOME DAY  
THEY CATCH  
THEES CROOK,  
PANCHO!

REWARD



AAAEER!  
EET EES  
PANCHO!  
HIMSELF!



HUH?

G..GOOD MORNING  
SENOR PANCHO!



I WONDER WHY  
HE CALL ME PANCHO?  
HA!! HERE IS A RESTOO-  
RANT! MAYBE I GET  
SOMETHING?





















# Readers' Page

**EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS YOU LIKE BEST! AND WHY!**

**THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!**

**ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST. RM. 315, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!**

*The Winner---*

*--- AND WINNING LETTER!*



DAVID HALLEY  
248 EAST 2<sup>ND</sup> ST.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Our best comic character in Top Notch Laugh Comics, is Senor Siesta. It's that track he has for getting into trouble that gets us. The artist that draws him has some swell ideas of always getting him into trouble and then bringing him through with flying colors. That's why Senor Siesta is tops with us.  
David Halley

## HONORABLE MENTION



DONNA M. SCIECHERT  
712 VERNAL ST.  
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA



BEVERLY KENNY  
703 HARRISON GARDENS  
HARRISON, N.J.



SEENA HERZOG  
1717 11<sup>TH</sup> AVE.  
ALTOONA, PA.



JANET BOGGES  
43 HOWARD LANE  
E. AKRON, OHIO



GEORGIA STOTTS  
R.R. #1  
MULBERRY, KANSAS



JESSIE AROCHO  
CURTISS FARM #2  
BAY CITY, MICH.



ELEANOR KABIS  
152 COURT ST.  
ELIZABETH, N.J.



MAGALINE PRATER  
LA FOLLETTE, TENN.  
R.F.D. #3, BOX 4



VIOLET LOAKSO  
ROUTE 1  
GRAND BAY, ALA.



FLORINE COHEN  
109 NORTH ANN ST.



WANDA COLDIRON  
STERLING, ILL.



MABLE OST  
FREDONIA, N.D.  
BOX 147



ERVENA GABLE  
CULLMAN, ALA.



LAURA LANSDOUNE  
ROUTE 3  
PARSONS, KANSAS



STAN MILEWSKI  
6400 GLADYS  
DETROIT, MICH.





**HONORABLE MENTION-CONT-**



MARILYN FERGUSON  
188 SHADHOLT  
LAKES ORION, MICH.



ROBERT BERAN  
1623 S. 59 AVE.  
CICERO, ILL.



BUDDY RIGGIO  
1152 S. MASON AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



MARVELLA KOCH  
WHEATLAND, IOWA



JANICE BRULE  
395 N. FRONT ST.  
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



JEANETTE JOHNSON  
FREEMAN AVE.  
HEMPSTEAD RFD #1 DETROIT MICH.



CAROL GUALDONI  
1562 LAPPIN AVE.  
DETROIT MICH.



JANIE ERVING  
1659 ETHEL AVE.  
LINCOLN PARK, MICH.



CAROLMAE FENWICK  
1009 JOHNSTONE ST.  
SAULT ST MARIE, MICH.



MARION ZIVAN  
1450 FULLERTON  
CHICAGO, ILL.



**DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF ENTRANTS TO THIS CONTEST,  
WE ARE FORCED TO DEVOTE ANOTHER PAGE TO THEIR PICTURES!**

**HONORABLE MENTION—CONT--**



AMALIA SUSAN  
305 N. COM'L ST.  
TRINIDAD, COLO.



JOAN MARRY BIZZO  
45 WILLARD AVE.  
BRADFORD, PA.



RAMON SPAPPERI  
4815 W. WALTON ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



CAROL GUSSERT  
1941 N. 24. PLACE  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



FINA DISTEFANO  
520 WILLIAMS ST.  
OMAHA, NEBR.



ROSEMARY TETTIS  
143 N. BROAD ST.  
RIDGEWAY, PA.



JEAN TURNER  
511 BRIDGE ST.  
VERNON, ORE.



LOUISE SMITH  
150 W. BROAD ST.  
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA



AL AMISS  
106 CHURCH ST.  
BATON ROUGE, LA



PATRICIA LORD  
FEDERAL BAKE SHOP  
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



DIANA DER VARTANIAN  
1749 BEECHER ST.  
DETROIT, MICH.



JACQUELINE NORTHUP  
7349 COLDWATER RD.  
FLUSHING, MICH.



JUDITH LERNER  
415 CHRISTOPHER  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



ELEANOR DEIFIK  
444 HENDRIX ST.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



JOHNNY BOURNIS  
139 BURNS AVE.  
LODY, N.J.



JOAN ROSE  
308 W. 82 ST.  
SELKIRK, N.Y.C.



RUTH THORN  
PLANVIEW CAMP  
MEOSHO, MI.



HELEN COLLINS  
330 HOLMES ST.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



PATRICIA FOX  
541 BRIAR PL.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



ALBERT DETLAUE  
103 S. BRODY ST.  
BLAUSSVILLE, PA.



ALEXA RUFF  
130 S. PINE AVE.  
WARREN, OHIO.



EILEEN HOPKINS  
1671 E. 35 ST.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



BEVERLY WILSON  
E 627 NORA AVE.  
SPOKANE, WASH.



MARY DEWHURST  
PAOLI, IND.



JIM MILLIGAN JR.  
116 AMERICA ST.  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA



# SUZIE



HELLO! MODEL AGENCY?  
SEND A MODEL TO THE  
BRIDAL DRESS SHOP  
AT ONCE!

I'M FROM THE  
MODEL AGENCY,  
MAM! MY NAME'S  
**SUZIE!!**

WELL, GET  
INTO A BRIDAL  
GOWN! I WANT  
TO SEE HOW  
YOU LOOK!

DO I  
LOOK  
ALL  
RIGHT?

NOT BAD AT ALL!  
NOW, I'LL SHOW  
YOU, **HOW** TO  
DEMONSTRATE  
A GOWN!!









MEANWHILE...

I RAN OUT SO FAST,  
I FORGOT TO CHANGE!  
I'LL JUST WAIT HERE  
IN THE DOORWAY TILL  
MADAME RENEE GETS  
THROUGH WITH THAT  
CUSTOMER!



MAMIE SWEETHEART!  
YOUR LITTLE CHARLIE  
HASN'T KEPT YOU  
WAITING TOO LONG,  
HAS HE?



COVER UP THAT  
PRETTY LITTLE  
FACE AT ONCE!  
YOU TOLD ME  
YOURSELF, IT'S  
BAD LUCK TO  
LOOK AT THE  
BRIDE, HEH,  
HEH!

B. BUT!  
UG--  
GLUB!



I'VE GOT A HORSE AND  
CARRIAGE TO TAKE US  
TO THE CHURCH... JUST  
LIKE YOU WANTED!

NO..  
NO..



MAMIE!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

OUT OF  
HERE! I'M  
NOT.....



WHOA..

O O F F F F



HEY! WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON HERE?

MAMIE,  
DARLING! ARE  
YOU HURT?



NO! BUT  
I WILL BE...

.. IF I DAMAGE THIS  
DRESS! MADAME RENEE  
WILL MURDER ME!















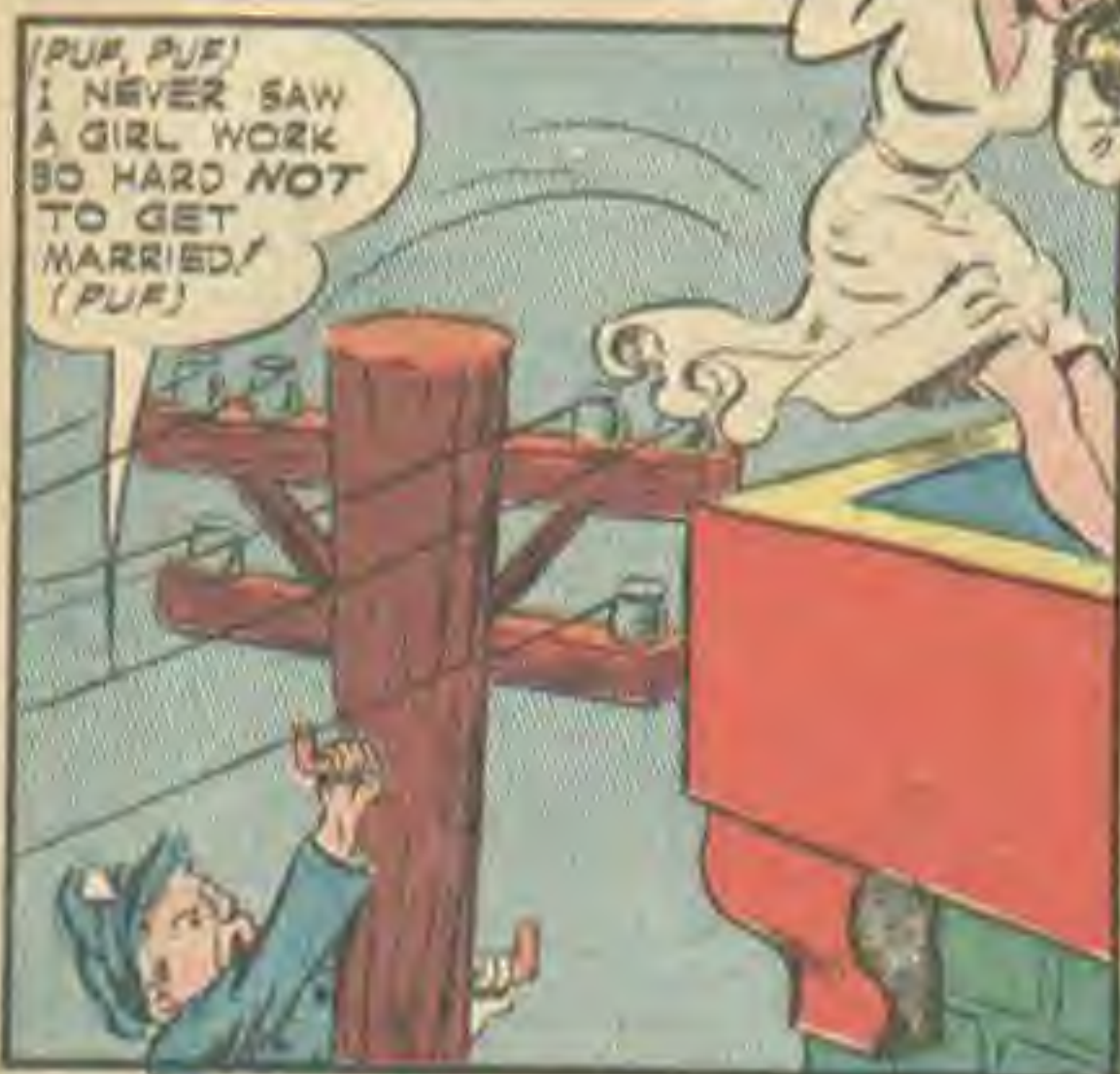
AWWK... I'M  
SURROUNDED!  
THERE'S  
CHARLIE!



I JUST KNOW, MY  
DARLING MAMIE IS  
DEAD! THAT MAN  
IN THE SEWER  
REALLY SAW HER  
GHOST! I JUST  
FEEL IT IN MY  
BONES!



STOP, LADY,  
STOP, I  
TELL YOU!



(PUP, PUP)  
I NEVER SAW  
A GIRL WORK  
SO HARD NOT  
TO GET  
MARRIED!  
(PUP)



FREE  
AT  
LAST!

MAMIE!  
SULP!  
SAY,  
YOU'RE  
NOT  
MAMIE!

THAT'S  
WHAT I'VE  
BEEN TRYING  
TO TELL YOU!  
I'M SUZIE!  
MAMIE'S  
IN THE  
DRESS  
SHOP,  
WAITING  
FOR YOU!



AT THAT MOMENT...

CHARLIE, YOU  
BRUTE! SO THERE  
YOU ARE!



MAMIE  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

MUCH TO  
YOUR REGRET,  
NO DOUBT! YOU  
YOU TWO-  
TIMER!



YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME  
STANDING AT THE ALTAR  
AGAIN! WE'RE THROUGH!

I WONDER  
IF IT'S  
MY  
FAULT!



# SNOOP MCGOOK

## The SOUPY SLEUTH

SNOOP HAS DECIDED TO RELAX AND IS SPENDING THE EVENING AT THE THEATRE WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF HYPNOTISM BY SWAMI RIVAH...

I NEED A SUBJECT... YOU THERE... COME UP HERE PLEASE!

ALZOOKS  
SEEN-ATROO  
ALZOOTS

MIGOSH!!  
I'VE FORGOTTEN  
THE MAGIC WORD  
FOR AWAKENING!

I'LL HAVE TO  
LET HIM GO... NO ONE  
MUST KNOW OF THIS  
OR MY REPUTATION  
WILL BE RUINED!

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR SNOOP NOW? HOW LONG IS HE DESTINED TO BE IN A TRANCE ASIDE FROM THE ONE HE IS ALWAYS IN?



AT THAT MOMENT

THE COPS HAVE GOT  
TERRIBLE MCGOVERN  
CORNERED IN THAT  
HOUSE!

WHAT A TOUGH  
GUY! HE'S  
SHOOTING IT  
OUT WITH  
THE POLICE!



HEY! WHERE  
DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GOING?

THE GUY'S  
CRAZY! HE'S  
WALKING RIGHT  
TOWARDS THE  
BUILDING!

HE'LL  
BE KILLED!



WHAT TH...?  
HEY GET  
AWAY FROM  
THERE!

WHO IS  
THAT GUY?



DOSE COPS'LL  
NEVER GET ME  
ALIVE! I'LL KILL  
'EM ALL FIRST!





WHAT THE ?  
WHERE'D YOU  
COME FROM?



A COPPER, EH?  
STAY BACK OR  
I'LL PLUG YA!



GET BACK,  
I SAY!  
GET BACK!!



WHY AIN'T HE SCART  
LIKE DE REST OF DE  
COPPERS? HE... HE  
UNNOIVES ME!



I...I CAN'T  
SHOOT! HE  
KEEPS COMING  
CLOSER!! GET  
BACK!! I CAN'T  
STAND THIS!



MEANWHILE LET'S SEE HOW THE SWAMI  
RIVAH "THE CAUSE OF IT ALL" IS GETTING  
ALONG WITH HIS CONSCIENCE...

IF I COULD ONLY  
REMEMBER THE  
MAGIC WORD... IT  
SOMEHOW REMINDS  
ME OF THAT DE-  
TECTIVES NOSE!  
HMMM I GOT IT.  
IT'S  
SAA-LAMI  
!!





I'VE GOT TO  
FIND HIM! I KNOW  
HE WENT IN  
THIS DIRECTION!



I GIVE UP! YA GOT  
ME! ONLY KEEP  
DAT COPPER AWAY  
FROM ME! HE  
AIN'T HUMAN!



GOOD WORK  
McGOOK. GREATEST  
DISPLAY OF COURAGE  
I'VE EVER SEEN!

AH... THERE HE  
IS...  
SALAMI  
!!



WH... WHERE  
AM I?



LATER

HERE'S THE  
REWARD THAT  
THAT WAS ON  
McGOVERN!

THANK  
YOU, CAP!



GEE, IF I COULD  
LEARN TO HYP-  
NOTIZE MYSELF, I  
COULD BE THE  
GREATEST DETECT-  
IVE OF ALL TIME!





# GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST  
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL, GABBY!

BY  
"RED" HOLMDALE



IN THE LAST ISSUE  
**GLOOMY GUS**  
WAS BROUGHT BACK  
WITH A CAVE GIRL  
FROM PRE-HISTORIC  
TIMES BY ST. PETE!  
BUT HIS PAL,  
**GABBY**,  
THE GUARDIAN  
ANGEL  
WAS LEFT BEHIND...  
NOW, WHAT?

WHERE IS  
ST. PETE? I  
WANT TO TALK  
TO HIM!

PLEEZE...  
DON'T LOSE  
YOUR TEMPER,  
MAISIE!



DON'T YOU TELL  
ME WHAT TO DO!  
IF IT WASN'T FOR  
YOU, I WOULDN'T  
BE HERE IN THE  
FIRST PLACE!

'ALL RIGHT,  
ALL RIGHT,  
STOP YELLING!

I'LL SPEAK TO  
ST. PETE FOR  
YA, AN' SEE  
WHAT HE CAN  
DO!

HIYA, PETE!  
HOW'S THINGS?

ULP! YOU  
BACK AGAIN?  
I DON'T WANT  
ANY TROUBLE  
WITH YOU,  
GUS! NOW!





















HEY! DID YOU SEE A GUY GO DOWN THERE?

YEAH! MAYBE HE'S PLAYING GAMES!

I THINK HE'S DROWNED!

WELL IF HE ISN'T, HE HOLDS A RECORD! HE'S BEEN UNDER FIVE MINUTES NOW!

WHILE UP IN HEAVEN...

HEY, PETE! I FOUND GUS!



HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, EXPOSURE STARVATION, AND PNEUMONIA! OTHERWISE HE'S OKAY!

GUS! GUS! WAKE UP!

I KNOW WHAT'LL BRING HIM TO! OH, GABBY! MAISIE! C'MERE!

GABBY! DID I HEAR, GABBY?

HELLO, GUS!

HIYA GUS, OLE PAL!



BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, GABBY!

HMMPHH... I LIKE THAT! HOW ABOUT ME?

UH... AH... SURE, MAISIE! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME, 'CAUSE I COULDN'T GET YOU BACK!

WELL, I WAS!



BUT THESE WINGS PETE GAVE ME LOOK SO HEAVENLY...

...AND BESIDES, I GOT TO LIKE IT HERE, SO I'M STICKING AROUND!

YI! THAT SETTLES IT! I'M NOT!

SO, IT LOOKS LIKE GUS AND GABBY ARE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN! DO YOU HAVE A SPARE BODY GUS CAN USE? HE SURE NEEDS ONE! LOOK UP GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH, FOLKS!





BOY! WE'RE IN  
LUCK TODAY  
SCANLON! JUST THE  
ISSUE OF PEP COMICS  
THAT'S SOLD OUT AT  
MY NEWSTAND!

DON'T CRY, JR.  
DADDY'LL RETURN  
YOUR PEP COMICS  
AFTER HIS BOARD OF  
DIRECTORS MEETING  
TODAY!

GOOD MORNING,  
PVT. THOMPSON! DO  
YOU WANT YOUR BREAK-  
FAST IN BED OR WOULD  
YOU PREFER TO FINISH  
YOUR PEP COMICS IN  
THE LIBRARY?





# The BLACK HOOD

battles  
**THE BOOK-WORM**

**MAN  
of  
MYSTERY**





IN THE HUSHED SILENCE OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY, AN ODD LITTLE FELLOW REQUESTS A RARE AND VALUABLE BOOK.

YOU ARE SURE THIS IS A FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND?

YES, AND VERY VALUABLE IT IS. WORTH \$5000!



SIGN HERE, PLEASE! NAME AND ADDRESS.

YOU ARE INDEED CAREFUL WITH A BOOK LIKE THIS, AREN'T YOU? NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY STEAL IT, CAN THEY?

A. Bookworm  
13 Burrow

NOW... IF I CAN ONLY FIND WHAT I'M SEEKING! COULD IT BE A NOTE ON SOME FLYLEAF?

"A. BOOKWORM"? WHY NOT? IT IS THAT YOUR... ANHEM. REAL NAME? DESCRIBES ME PERFECTLY. I'VE BEEN A LIFETIME SCHOLAR AND BOOK READER!



THAT GUARD MAKES ME NERVOUS! I MUST GET THE BOOK OUT BEFORE HE SUSPECTS ME! AH YES, THIS SUBSTITUTE BOOK WILL DO!



I'M THROUGH. HERE'S YOUR BOOK BACK. GOOD DAY! WHA? WAIT. THIS IS THE WRONG BOOK! COME BACK! GUARD!



SUDDENLY THE FALSE BOOK SPRAYS OUT THICK SMOKE!

COUGH UGH! CAN'T SEE A THING!

A A SMOKE BOMB! GASP. COUGH!





AND THE BOOKWORM CALMLY WALKS AWAY WITH THE STOLEN BOOK!

THAT COVERS MY ESCAPE! NOW TO EXAMINE THE BOOK MORE THOROUGHLY, WITHOUT INTERFERENCE, IN THIS ALLEY!

BUT AFTER CAREFUL, LONG SCRUTINY...

BAH! IT WASN'T THIS ONE AFTER ALL! ALL MY LABORS FOR NOTHING!



AND CARELESSLY, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT, THE BOOKWORM DISCARDS A RARE BOOK WORTH \$5000! WHAT IS THE SECRET HE IS TRAILING, BESIDE WHICH \$5000 MEANS NOTHING?

THE SECRET I SEEK MUST LIE IN SOME OTHER FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND!



MEANWHILE, PASSING THE LIBRARY, BARBARA SUTTON DASHES IN FOR THE STORY...

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO THREW THE SMOKE-BOMB?

A LITTLE CHAP-BOOKWORM! AND HE MADE OFF WITH A RARE FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND - THE SCAMP!



SHE REPORTS TO PATROL MAN KIP BURLAND...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT KIP?

HMM! SIMPLE ENOUGH, BABS. HE'S A RARE-BOOK THIEF! FIRST EDITIONS ALL RUN INTO BIG MONEY!

ANYWAY, THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DETECTIVES, NOT A MERE PATROL-MAN WHO'S ALREADY LATE FOR HIS BEAT! S'LONG BABS!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU SAY THAT! YOU'RE UP TO SOME THING, KIP!

A SHORT WHILE LATER

SMART GIRL THAT BARBARA. I AM UP TO SOMETHING... A CALL ON HIRAM SYKES, THE FAMOUS COLLECTOR OF FIRST EDITIONS, TO BE EXACT!





MEANWHILE, WITHIN, HIRAM SYKES ENTERTAINS A CALLER...

MY BUTLER ANNOUNCED YOU AS... ER... A BOOKWORM? IS THIS SOME JOKE?

INDEED NOT! I UNDERSTAND YOU BUY ALL RARE BOOKS YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON, FOR YOUR MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION. LOOK AT THIS ONE!

WELL, I'LL LOOK AT IT! HMM, THESE PAGES STICK...



GET OUT YOU MORON! WHY, THESE PAGES ARE ALL BLANK!

YES... AND POISONED! IN WETTING YOUR THUMB AND TURNING THE PAGES SEVERAL TIMES, YOU ABSORBED THE POISON ON YOUR TONGUE!

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SYKES?

WHA... BLACK HOOD!

WITH DEADLY SWIFTNESS, THE POISON SLAYS THE RARE-BOOK COLLECTOR!

AGHHHH!

MURDER IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I SEEK!

AH YES, HERE IS HIS FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND

AND YOU, I PRESUME, ARE THE BOOKWORM! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE PLEASED TO MEET ME!

WACK





A POWERFUL FIST,  
MY FRIEND! BUT THE  
BOOKWORM IS NOT AS  
HELPLESS AS HE  
SEEMS! AMONG  
THE BOOKS I  
BROUGHT ALONG  
IS THIS ONE...



... AN IRON  
BOOK!

CLUNK

UGH!



NOW TO CONTINUE  
MY SEARCH  
UNINTERRUPTED  
THIS TIME!



BAN! IT'S NOT  
THIS ONE EITHER!  
EVEN MURDER, AND  
A BATTLE WITH BLACK  
HOOD, HAS NOT LED  
ME TO THE  
GREAT SECRET!



NOW TO COVER MY  
TRAIL! MANY BOOKS  
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN  
ABOUT THE PERFECT  
CRIME... BUT THIS  
WILL BE THE  
REAL THING!



I'LL JUST PUT  
THE POISONED  
BOOK HERE IN THE  
HOODS HAND...  
AND THEN CALL  
THE POLICE!

LATER, THE HOOD  
REGAINS HIS  
SENSES TO FIND...



AT LAST WE'VE  
GOT YE COLD  
BLACK HOOD!

MCGINTY!  
WH... WHAT  
HAPPENED?



LOOK, HOOD! YER TALKIN' TO A COP WHO'S BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS, YE KNOW! SO DONT PLAY DUMB WITH ME!

YOU MEAN YOU THINK I MURDERED HIRAM SYKES?



I DON'T THINK! I KNOW... HEY STOP... OR YER A DEAD MAN!

SO ARE YOU, M'GINTY! DEAD FROM THE EARS UP!



I'M REALLY IN A JAM NOW, WITH A MURDER RAP PINNED ON ME. I'VE GOT TO GET THE BOOKWORM... OR THE BLACK HOOD'S CAREER IS FINISHED!



LATER, AT BARBARA'S

BABS.. YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER WOMAN! KNOW OF ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT HAVE A FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND?

I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING ON IT IN MY FILES!



HERE IT IS! THERE'S A COPY OF IT AT THE PARKSIDE MUSEUM. BUT WHY?



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW. I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS LATER!

AT THE PARKSIDE MUSEUM, CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT..

OH, IS IT CLOSED? AND I SO WANTED TO GET IN!



YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK TO-MORROW, MISTER!

AGAIN ONE OF THE BOOKWORM'S DIABOLICAL BOOKS DOES ITS CUNNING WORK!

WILL I? I INSIST ON GOING IN TONIGHT, MY GOOD MAN! THESE ETHER FUMES WILL MAKE YOU FORGETFUL!

GASP! CHOKES!



PRINTING EXHIBITION-- THAT'S IT! WILL I FIND THE SECRET HERE?





MY, MY... WHAT WEALTH  
LIES BEFORE MY SCHOLARLY  
EYES! OLD BOOKS WORTH  
COUNTLESS THOUSANDS!



GUTTENBERG EXHIBIT  
FAMOUS FIRST EDITIONS



THIS FIRST EDITION  
OF TREASURE ISLAND!  
MY STAKES ARE MUCH  
BIGGER THAN THE  
VALUE OF THESE  
BOOKS!

FIRST EDITION  
TREASURE ISLAND

PRICELESS  
GUTTENBERG

BUT ALL I  
WANT IS ONE  
BOOK.



AT LAST! AT LAST I HAVE IT!  
HERE ARE THE COMPLETE  
DIRECTIONS, DOWN TO THE LAST  
DETAIL! I HAVE IT!



YOU HAVE  
ME TOO!  
WHETHER YOU  
WANT ME OR  
NOT!



AND HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
YOU WON'T  
FIND IN  
ANY BOOK!



WHY WASTE TIME?  
ONE OF THE BOOBY-  
TRAP BOOKS I  
BROUGHT WILL  
TAKE CARE OF HIM  
IN A MOST UNSCHOLARLY  
MANNER!





WOW! AN INCENDIARY BOMB!

YES! YOU STAY AND PUT OUT THE FIRE, MR. BUSYBODY!

SWIFT ACTION BY THE BLACK HOOD PUTS OUT THE FLAMES!

THAT'S THAT! BUT THAT WORM SKIPPED MEANWHILE!

BUT HE LEFT THE TREASURE ISLAND FIRST-EDITION BEHIND! LET'S SEE WHAT HE FOUND IN IT... FOR WHICH HE HAS KILLED AND FOUGHT

JUST THEN BABS ENTERS BREATHLESSLY...

HOOD... I ALSO FOUND THIS IN MY FILES. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING, SO I HURRIED AFTER YOU. IT'S AN OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!

SO THAT'S IT! A MESSAGE POINTING THE WAY TO HIDDEN LOOT? BUT WHOSE? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

V  
Loot in hollow tree - middle of lagoon island - use boat!

LONG JOHN SILVER SENTENCED! THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT, LONG JOHN SILVER, WAS SENTENCED 20 YEARS FOR LARCENY. BUT HE REFUSED TO TELL WHERE HIS LOOT, FROM A DOZEN WEALTHY CITIZENS, WAS HIDDEN. HIS LAST WORDS WERE: "IT'S ON TREASURE ISLAND. VA DOPES!" CURIOUSLY ENOUGH AMONG THE LOOT WAS A FIRST EDITION

WOW! THIS IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE, BABS! THE BOOKWORM MUST HAVE SOMEHOW DISCOVERED THAT LONG JOHN SILVER HAD RECORDED HIS HIDDEN LOOT IN THIS FIRST EDITION HERE TWENTY YEARS AGO!

NOW, HE'S HEADED FOR THAT "TREASURE ISLAND" HE'S GOT QUITE A START ON ME, BUT I STILL MAY CATCH UP WITH HIM!







# KILLER'S FINAL CURTAIN

by Wilbur S. Peacock

CURTIS DREXLER watched the wrinkles disappearing from his face beneath the protective screen of grease paint and powder, and there was a weariness in his heart that even the false elation could not lift. He knew then, as he had never known before, that he was too old to remain the matinee idol he had been for years. And the knowledge that the murder of James Stephen would make him wealthy within a year brought him no comfort at the moment. For he knew that wealth could never make up for the adulation in which he had basked all of his life.

He used the touch-up pencil on the streaks of white in his thick main of hair, cursed suddenly and bitterly, and whirled to where his dresser stood white-faced and fearful.

"This isn't my pencil!" he barked savagely.

"Look, Mr. Drexler," the dresser said nervously. "I thought the number two pencil would give better color, make better stage!"

Curtis Drexler slammed the pencil against the wall. "Who the hell cares what a young squirt like you thinks; get the hell out of here and don't come back! I knew what made good stage before you were born!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Drexler; I'm sorry, Mr. Drexler!" the youth sidled through the door, closing it softly.

The actor grinned, stepped softly to the door and turned the key. Then he returned to the light-framed mirror, finished his make-up for the third and final act.

"Five minutes, Mr. Drexler," a voice called just outside the door, and light footsteps drifted down the hall.

Curtis Drexler stood, opened the right-hand drawer of the dressing table, slipped the revolver into the side pocket of his tweed coat. His face was suddenly hard, and his eyes bleak and piercing, beneath the mask of grease paint.

He had to work fast now, for he had less than five minutes to commit a murder and make his stage appearance for the final act. He smiled a bit when he saw the automatic on the top of the table.

He used the gun in the play; and later, when the police investigated the shooting of the producer, he would casually offer it for examination in the ballistics laboratory. They would never know that he had brought a revolver with him this evening.

His eyes flicked to the clock above the mirror, and he felt his breath catch in his throat. He had less than four and one-half minutes left.

He unbolted the small door at the rear of the room, slipped through into the property tunnel, raced lithely toward the iron steps at the end. His nerves crawled at the thought that some grip might spy him running down the dim hall.

He went up the iron steps swiftly but quietly, anxious now to finish what he had planned. The iron treads creaked and squealed a bit in protest, and he slowed so that there would be less noise.

He heard the dull murmur of

the audience behind the balcony door at the first turn of the stairs, felt a dull glow of satisfaction. He knew what they were talking, could almost give their comments word for word. He had known for a week that the play would be a smash hit, and that knowledge had consolidated the vagrant plans he had nurtured in his mind for the past month.

He felt no animosity or hate against James Stephen; he was but an obstacle that had to be removed. With James Stephen's death, his fifty per cent interest in the play would revert to Curtis Drexler by virtue of a clause in the contract that they had drawn up before casting the play.

Drexler had written the drama three years before, but had been unable to find a backer. Then Stephen had put up most of the money necessary, for a fifty per cent interest. Drexler had retained twenty per cent, and the remaining interest had been sold to three men.

Because he and Stephen had known each other for twenty years, and to keep chisellers from gaining an interest in the play, the contract had been drawn so that the interest owned by either man reverted to the other in the event one died during the play's run.

Now, with the play a decided hit, James Stephen had to die, so that when the run was over, Curtis Drexler would not have to end his life as a hundred matinee idols had before him.

Drexler passed the balcony door, ran lightly up the remaining steps to the upper floor of the theater building. He cau-



tiously opened the stairway door, made certain that no one was in the hall, then slipped through.

He huddled at the producer's office door, listening intently for the sound of voices. Satisfied that the man was alone, he palmed the knob, carefully and quietly edged the panel open a crack.

The office was so tiny and cramped that the opening door almost touched the back of the chair in which Stephen was sitting. The producer was poring over a set of books, totally oblivious of the opening door, his white shirt gleaming in the dim light.

Curtis Drexler lifted the revolver in a hand that was rock-steady, tightened his finger on the trigger. The gun blasted again and again in the stillness of the tiny room, the reverberations almost deafening. Six dark spots sprang into high relief on the whiteness of the producer's back.

James Stephen came to his feet, his head turning toward the murderer, his face tight with agony and surprise. He tried to whirl, but his feet tangled, and he fell heavily to the cluttered floor.

Curtis Drexler caught his breath in horrified excitement, jerked the door shut, raced the few feet down the hall to the panel that led to the property tunnel.

He fled down the steps, remembering the terror and agony in the man's face, and he thought for a moment he would be ill. Then his face hardened and his eyes lost their look of fright. He turned the stair corner, took the last few steps in three leaps, scurried into the open door of the furnace room. He jerked open the door of the roaring furnace, tossed the murder weapon into the crackling flames.

Then he whirled, dashed down the tunnel until he came

to the small door of his dressing room. He locked the door behind him, sat breathlessly at the dressing table. He smiled tautly when he saw that he still had thirty seconds before his entrance. He touched at his make-up with a powder puff, caught up the automatic, and left the room.

"Mr. Drexler?" his dresser said the moment he appeared from the dressing room.

"Get to hell out of my sight!" The actor's nerves were still so taut he almost struck the youth.

And then he was on stage, coming in from the left, his resonant voice picking up his cue with the ease of long practice. He bowed slightly, acknowledging the muted applause of the audience, then played the part he had written for himself so many months before.

He spoke his lines with all of the skill he possessed, acting his part like an automaton that could do nothing less than excellent, but his mind was on those last hurried minutes before his entrance.

He could find no flaw that might trip him up. Should he be questioned about his footprints scattered here and there in his hurry, he could almost laughingly explain that he had the run of the building since he was a co-producer. And should they make a nitrogen test of his hand, he had only to say that there would naturally be burned powder on his skin since he fired a gun during the play.

No, he could not find the slightest of flaws.

He was making his next to the last speech, when he saw the men gathered in the wings. He staggered a bit, recognizing them, regained his poise almost immediately. He felt the wild gust of laughter beating at his throat, but his voice was even and unhurried.

He made his fifteen-second exit, right center, caught at the frightened arm of his dresser.

His voice was harsh and strained, with an undercurrent such as the youth had never heard.

"You did it again, didn't you?" he said. "You thought you'd prove that you know better staging than myself!"

The youth shrank back, tried to free his arm from the heavy hand.

Curtis Drexler laughed aloud, shrugged tiredly. "Forget it, lad," he said. "Maybe you're right. My day has already passed."

He heard his cue, stepped back upon the boards. He spoke then as he had never before in his career, giving each line the mocking cynical twist that it demanded, hearing none of it, conscious only of the shocked incredulous face of James Stephen who stood in the wings with three of the house detectives.

He took the automatic from his pocket, as the action demanded, laughed cynically as the actress flinched in simulated terror. He lined the gun on her, felt the mockery of his heart flooding his mind with regret because of the thing he had tried to do.

He looked once directly at the audience that sat so tensely, so breathlessly, in wait for the smashing climax. He heard the frightened cry of his dresser as he lifted the gun the youth had thought did not have the stage appeal of the blued revolver. He had known, when he saw James Stephen still alive, that the youth had switched the blanks and real bullets in the two guns with the intention of telling him before he took a gun on stage.

He lifted the squat automatic, as the action demanded, placed the muzzle squarely at his temple, and pulled the trigger.

He didn't see the final curtain come swooping down, but he would have been gratified to have heard the smashing applause that echoed for minutes after his last appearance.



# STUPIDMAN

and the 3 monkeyteers



BLESS YOU, STUPID-MAN!

AND I TELL YOU, STUPIDMAN, THE LORELEI HAS COME BACK! WE'LL BE RUINED!

TUT, TUT, SIR! YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER! MY VERY PRESENCE WILL SOLVE THE MATTER!

AH, HERE IS WHERE THE LORELEI IS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR ---HMMPH--- ALL SEEMS WELL!





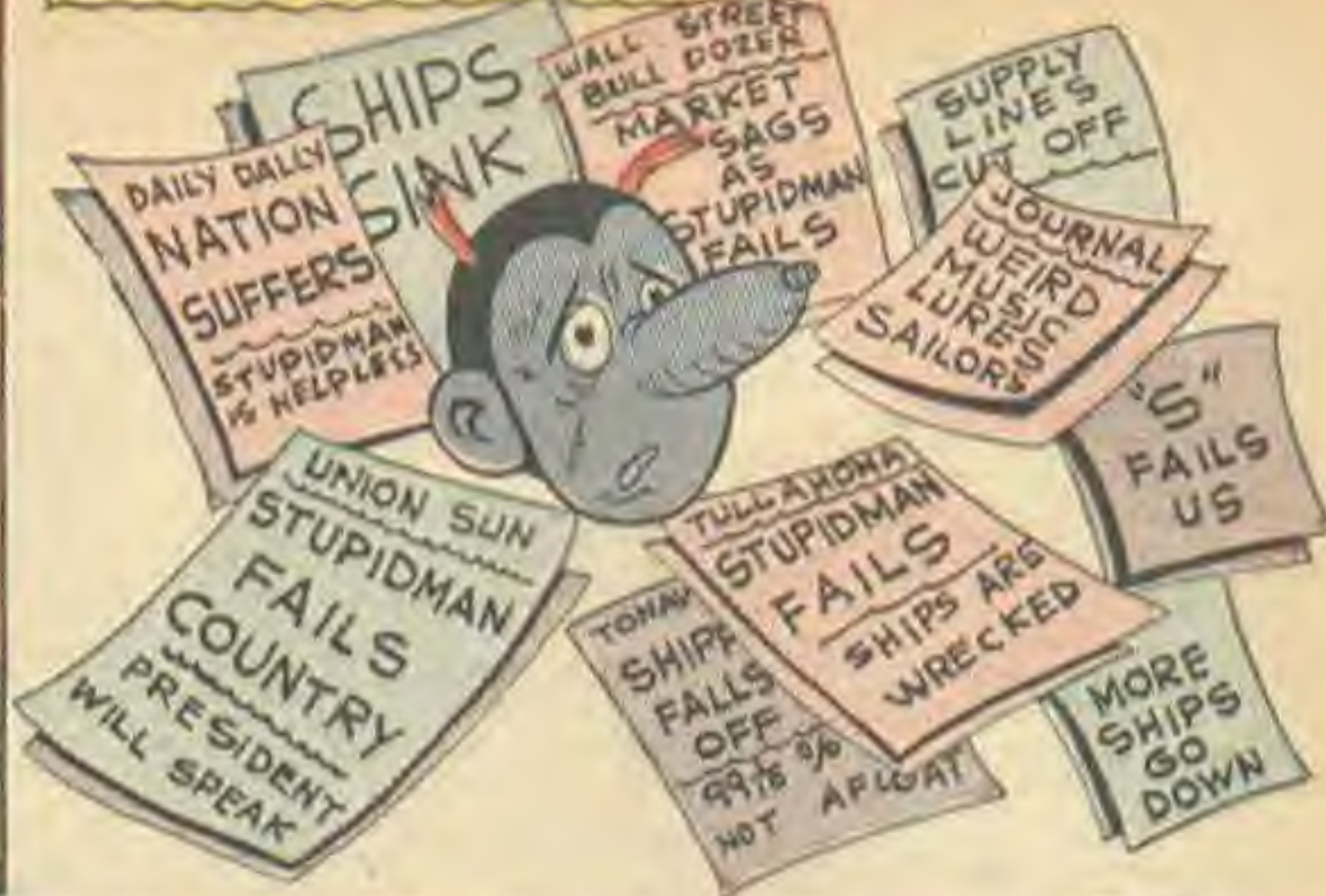






OH, I CAN'T STAND TO LOOK -- THAT MUSIC -- AND STILL WE SAW NOTHING!

THE DAILY PRESS CRIBS FORTH



SLIGHTLY DEJECTED, STUPIDMAN GALLIES FORTH

BUT HOW CAN I FIGHT SOMETHING NOBODY CAN SEE?



GHOSTLY MUSIC -- OHHHH!

OH!

I'VE GOT IT!



AH, THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS -- BOYS ARE YOU WILLING TO GAVE OUR COUNTRY?

WE WILL. DO ANYTHING. AT ALL, SIR! OKAY, COME ON!



THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN -- AS SOON AS I GO, STAY OUT OF SIGHT AND START TO PLAY!









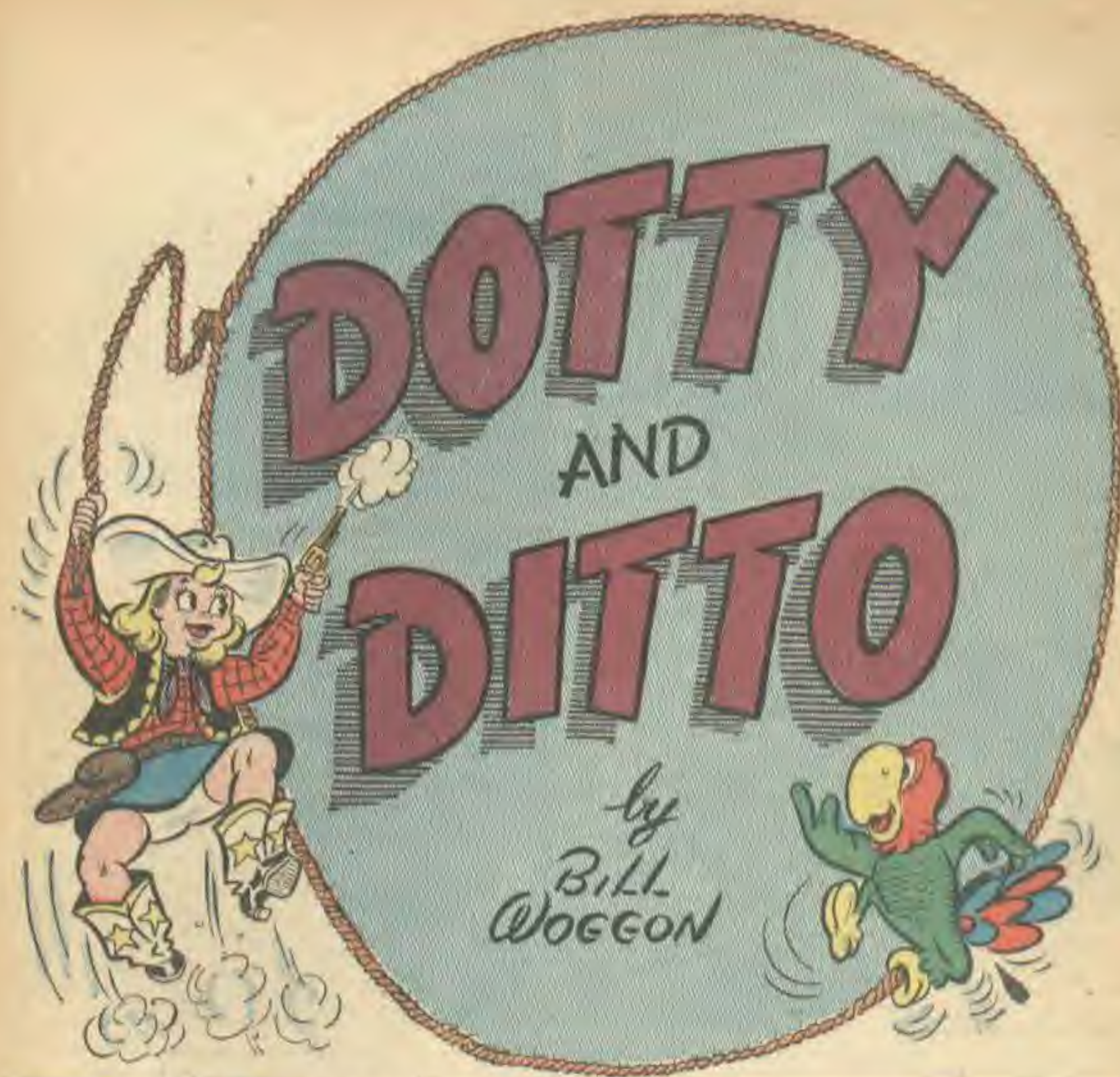


YES, THE SHIPS  
SAIL SAFELY ON-  
WARD...

IF YOU LIKE THE  
THINGS THAT  
HAPPEN TO  
STUPIDMAN  
AND THE 3  
MONKEYTEERS  
WRITE AND LET  
US KNOW  
BEST LETTER  
RECEIVES A  
REAL PORTRAIT  
OF STUPIDMAN

AUGUST WINNER  
VIRGIE BELL  
E. BRUNDY ST.  
TULLAHOMATENN.

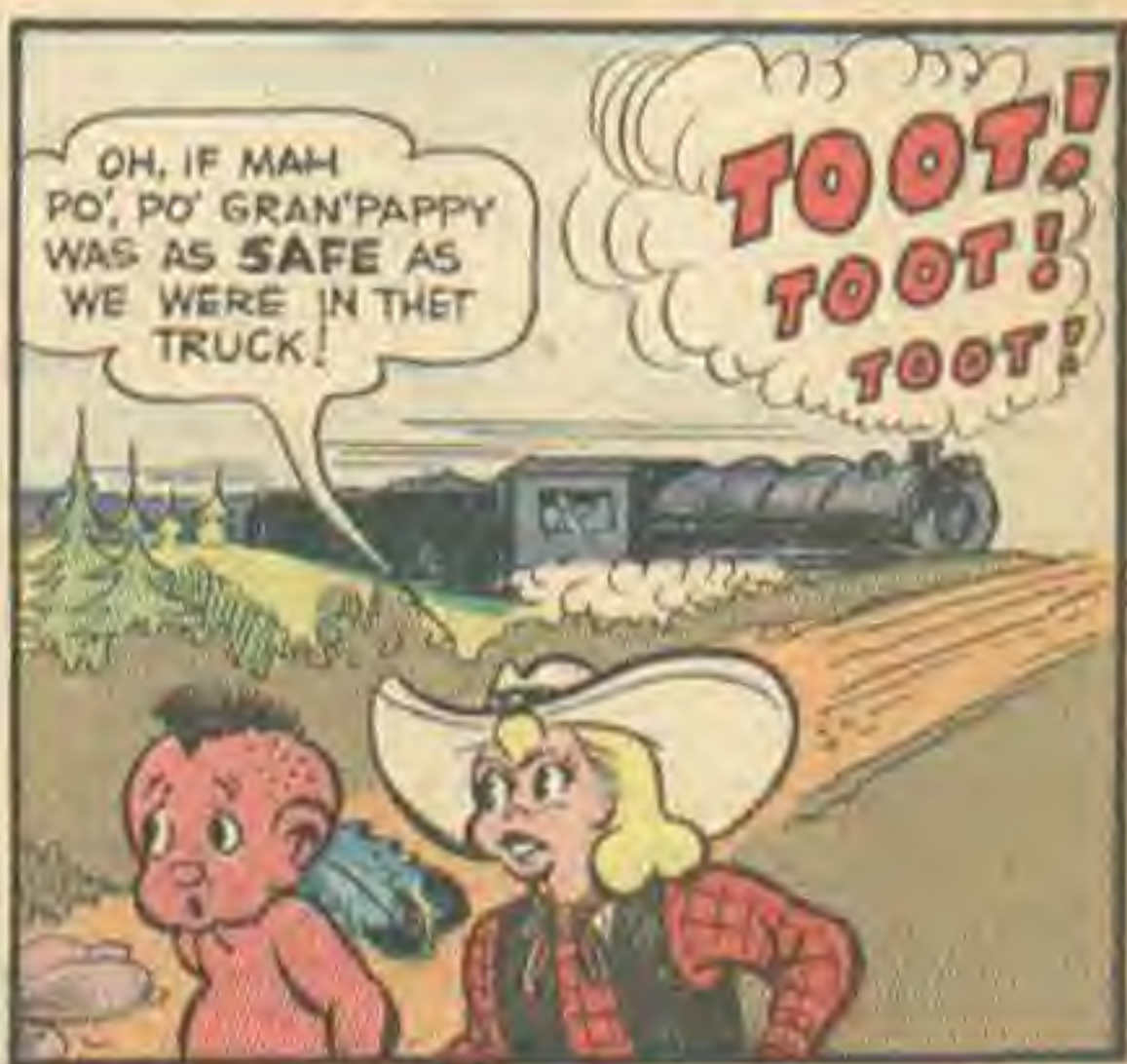
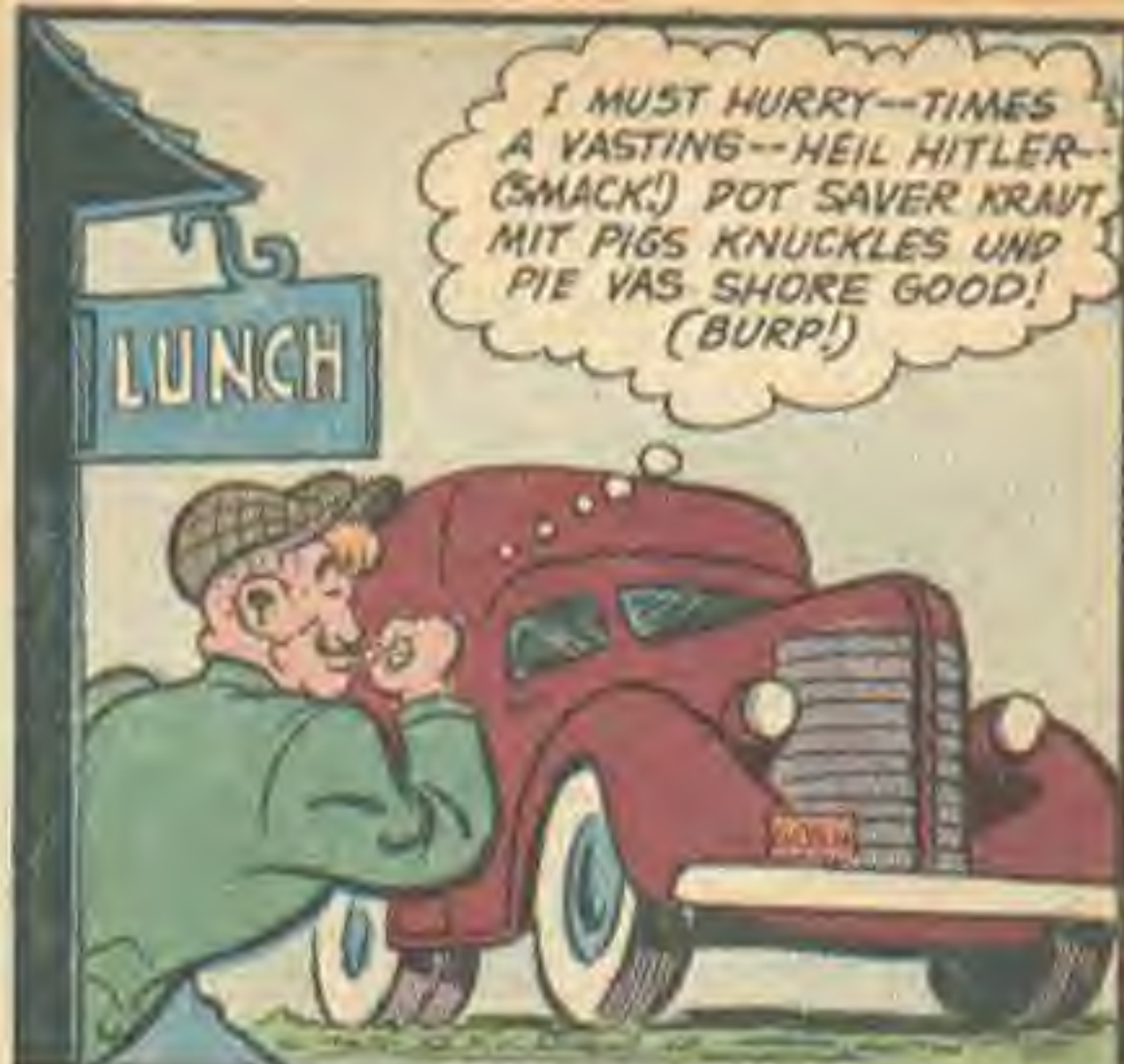




**D**OTTY WON \$2,000 IN PRIZES AT A CHAMPIONSHIP RODEO SHOW THEN LOST IT WITH HER BOOT IN THE LAKE-- THEN DOTTUM, HER INDIAN BOY FRIEND, FISHES IT OUT AND SAVES THE DAY AS WELL AS A SHOE RATION STAMP FOR DOTTY!

















WAAL! WHAT  
DO YUH SAY,  
GRAMPS?  
C'MON! GET  
GOIN'!

CONSNARN IT!  
-- (GULP)  
AH'M SUNK!

--- BUT AH WON'T  
GIVE UP-- AH'LL  
SHOOT YUH IF  
YUH HURRY ME!

YER DONE FO'  
GRAMPS, YUH  
BETTER GIVE  
UP OR AH'LL  
CROWN YUH!

-- BLAST YER  
HIDE SHURIFF,  
AH GOTTA  
LET YUH HAVE  
IT!- WHERE'S  
MAH GUN?

GOSH! GRAMPS IS  
GONNA SHOOT  
TH' SHURIFF---  
C'MON!

DON'T SHOOT, GRAMPS!  
AH GOT TH' MONEY!  
DON'T SHOOT!!!

-- ER-AH- (GULP)  
WAAL AH'LL BE--?!!

DOTTY! WELCOME BACK!  
-- BUT WHUT'S ALL TH'  
EXCITEMENT--? WE'RE ONLY  
PLAYIN' A FRIENDLY GAME  
O' CHECKERS!!

SKID



BUT-BUT-WHAT ABOUT  
TH' RANCH-- AIN'T TH'  
SHURIFF HERE TO  
FO'CLOSE ON YUH?



GOSH NO, DOTTY! THAT  
WAS DON DEAN'S CHICKEN  
FARM UP FO' TH' AUCTION  
HAMMER-- AH GOT HIM  
IN TH' JUG NOW!



WAL AH'LL BE!--  
DOTTUM, WE'RE JUS'  
\$2000 RICHER  
NOW! WHATCHA  
GONNA DO WITH  
YOUR HALF?

H-MM!--  
DOTTUM  
GOTTUM  
IDEA!  
LISTEN!



BZZ-UGH--  
BZZZ--UGH  
--ZZZZ

SAAY--THET'S  
A SWELL IDEA!

DITTO!



HEY, DOTTUM, TH'  
BANK'S DOWN HERE!

UGH! ME DO  
UM SHOPPIN'  
FOR BONDS  
RIGHT HERE,  
DOTTY!



A KISS WITH  
Every WAR BOND!

SMACK! SMACK!  
SMACK!

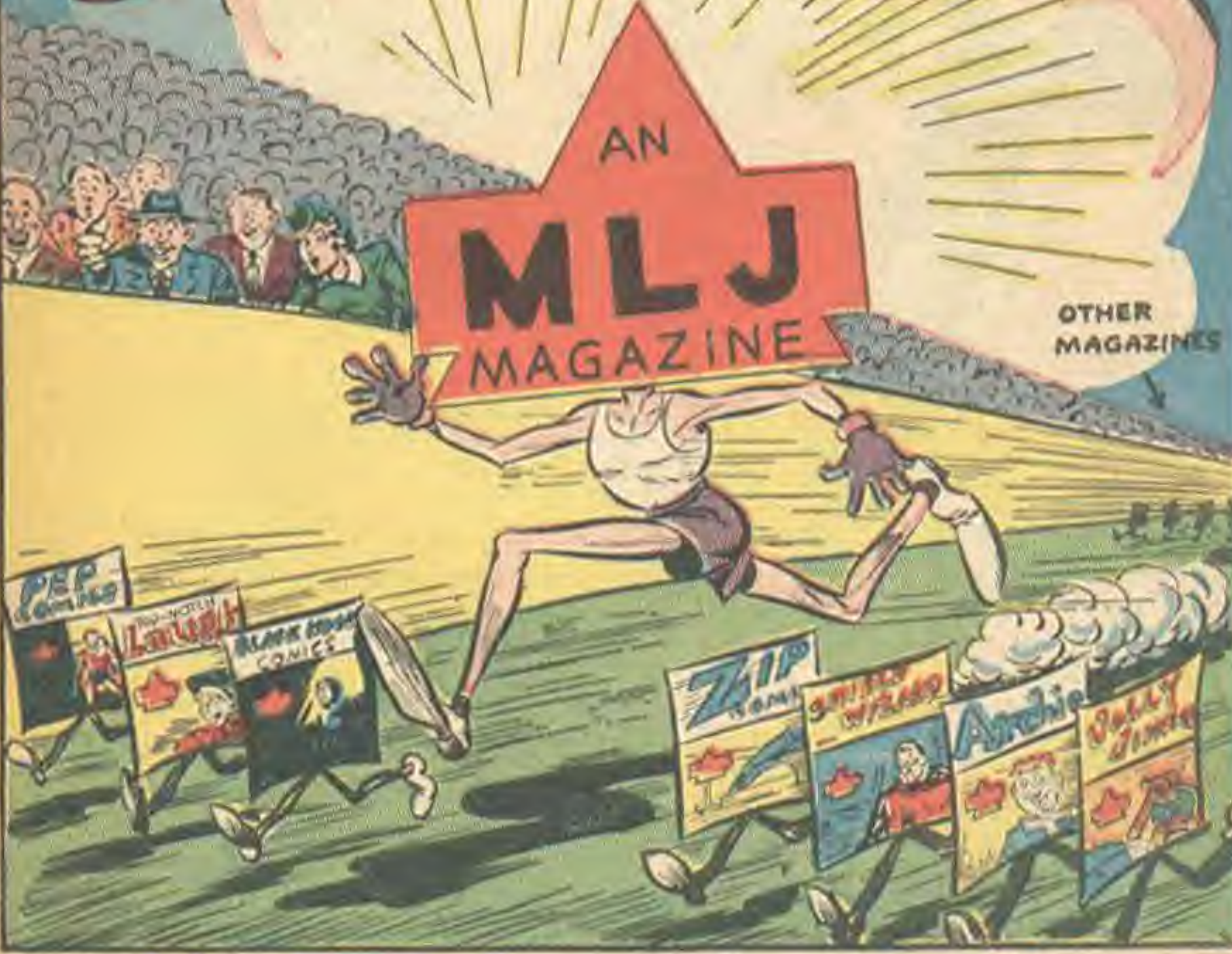


WATCH FOR MORE OF DOTTY  
IN NEXT ISSUE!



W. W. W.

**MLJ LEADS *the* WAY**





# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WO MARRI JIM IF  
IT WASNT FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

ILL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DONT YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



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If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS**

**USE  
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**

**RUSH  
COUPON**

**Send No  
MONEY**

ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"

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- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and have postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



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①



②

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③

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④

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